

wretched man could not escape death, according to the opinion of the surgeons who were called to his assistance.

After having gone over the ground where the army had fought the Emperor went to place himself in the midst of the troops, which were beginning to move for the purpose of following the retreating enemy. On passing by Macdonald he stopped and held out his hand to him, saying, "Shake hands, Macdonald! no more ill will between us; we must henceforward be friends; and, as a pledge of my sincerity, I will send you your Marshal's staff, which you so gloriously earned in yesterday's battle."¹ Macdonald had been in a kind of disgrace for many years; it would be difficult to assign any reason for it, except the intrigue and jealousy to which an elevated mind is always exposed. Malevolence had succeeded in inducing the Emperor to remove him from his presence, and the Marshal's innate pride had withheld him from taking any step towards reconciliation with a sovereign who did not treat him with that kindness to which he felt he had a claim. — *Memoirs of the Due de Ror'ujo*, tome iv. chaps. xiii. and xiv.

¹ Macdonald nobly kept this compact in 1814, when Napoleon had fallen from power, and of all the Marshals then around the Emperor showed himself the most loyal in the hour of adversity. One of the last to give in his adherence to the Bourbons, he behaved with equal fidelity to them in 1815, withstanding all the temptations of the Hundred Days.